

HANNA-BARBERA'S

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

AND FRIENDS

GIANT GAMES BOOK



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AND FRIENDS



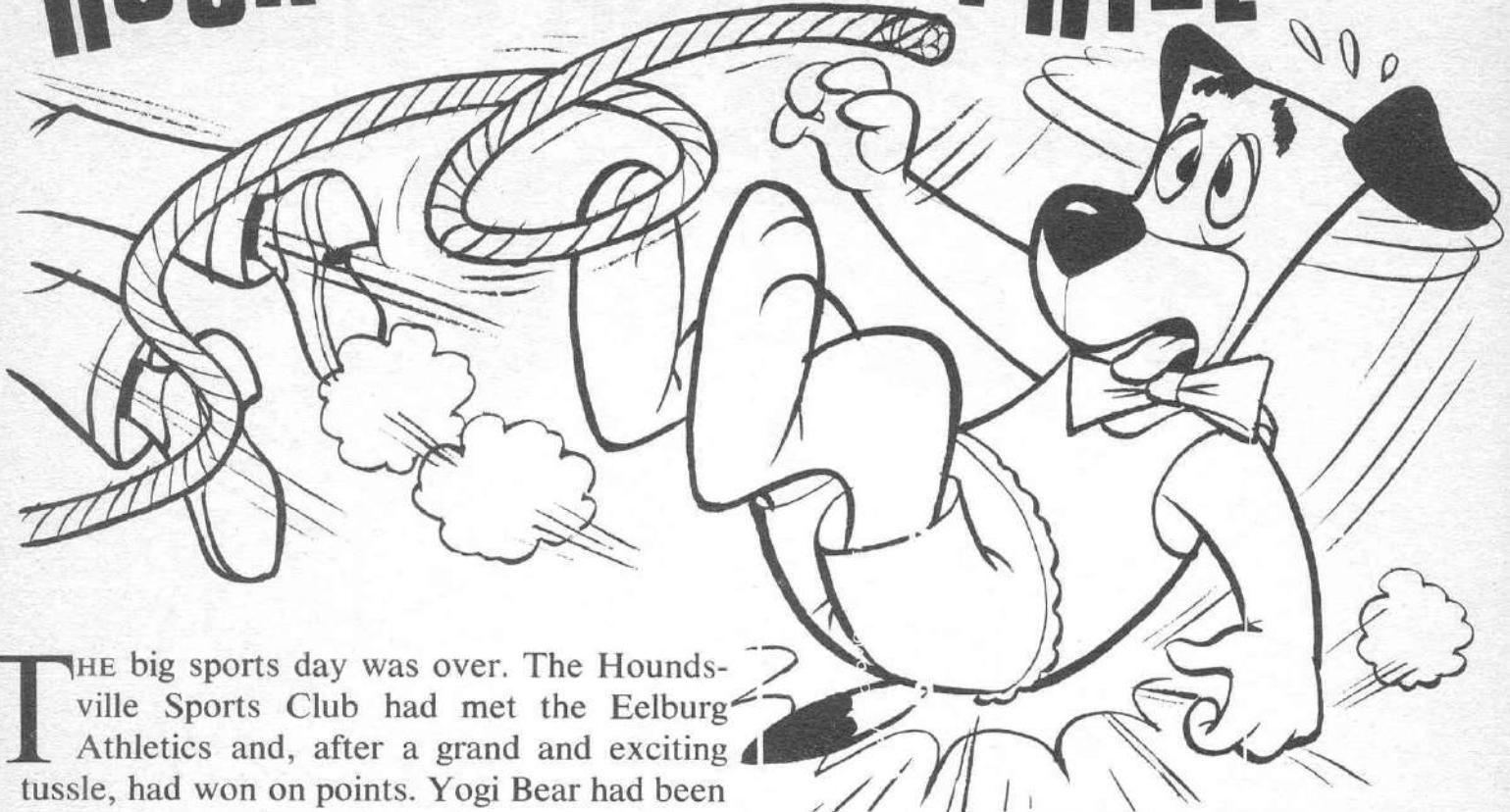
GIANT GAMES BOOK

A story book with pictures
to colour and five games
for you to play



WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (MANCHESTER) LIMITED

HUCK WINS A PRIZE



THE big sports day was over. The Hounds-ville Sports Club had met the Eelburg Athletics and, after a grand and exciting tussle, had won on points. Yogi Bear had been the winner in the rock-tossing contest. Boo-Boo had won the wrestling match. Mr. Jinks had just managed to pull off the high jump.

Huckleberry Hound had won nothing. Every event he had entered had been a failure. Even the tug-of-war had been lost to the Eelburgers because he slipped and let go of the rope.

"I'm jus' not good," he said to himself miserably. "I can't do nothen'. I'm fat an' lazy an' all I think about is eatin' and sleepin'."

And he slunk away off home, all by himself, and sat hunched up in a chair, wondering what the gang were thinking about him.

"I gotta do better'n that next time," he said at last.

Yes, but how? He'd done his very best.

"I gotta do better'n my best," he said. "I gotta do some trainin', that's what."

He sat straight up in his chair. Yes, he'd do some training. What's more, he'd start right now.

"I'll start by not havin' any supper," he decided. "Then first thing in the mornin' I'll go an' run in the park. Twenty-five times round the park. I'll get up before it's daylight, then nobody will see me."

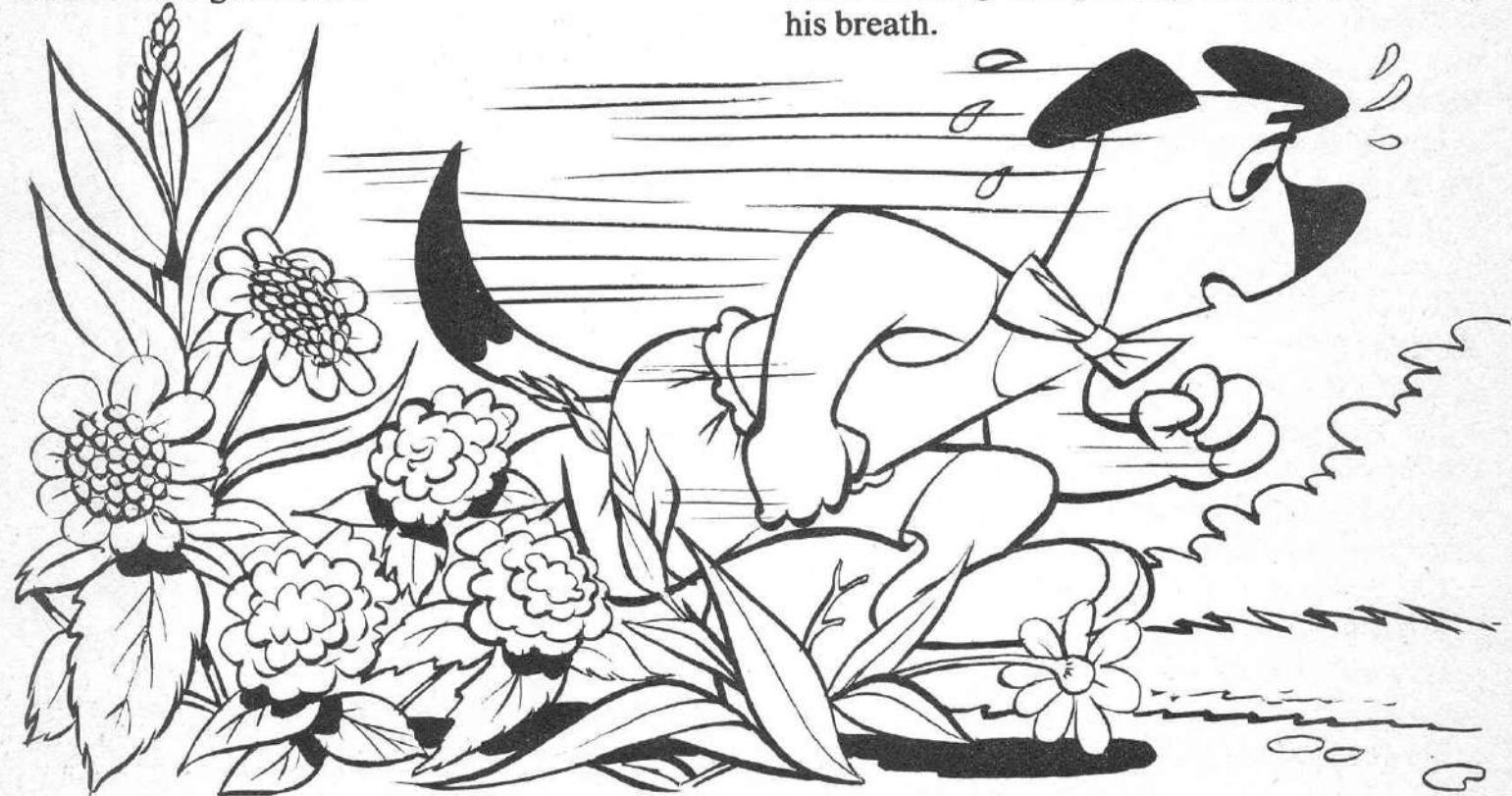
So Huck went off to bed without any supper. To be sure, he felt very hungry, but he was happier, now that he had made up his mind to do something.

And the next morning, just as he had promised himself, he rose before daybreak, and dressed in running shorts, a pullover and a woollen scarf, he scampered off to the park.

It was a bit chilly, so early in the morning, but Huck promised himself he would soon warm up. When he reached the park he went to the drinking fountain and took off his thick pullover and scarf.

"This fountain's my starting-point, and I won't stop till I've been round twenty-five times," he promised.

He did a few limbering up exercises, then he said: "Ready, set, GO!" And he was off, charging along at a good steady pace. He didn't cheat, either; he did the full round of the park, past the flowering shrubs and the herbaceous borders, right round the sailing pond and back to the drinking fountain.



"ONE!" he cried, and without stopping, he charged right on again.

After five laps he was panting a bit and wasn't running nearly so fast. "Jus' shows I need some trainin'!" he gasped, and started on the sixth lap.

"I wish I'd had a bite o' breakfast," he thought. "After all, twenty-five times round is a lot o' runnin'..."

Maybe he shouldn't do twenty-five times this morning? Maybe he should only do - say ten, and work himself up to twenty-five?

"NO!" he cried. "I said I'd do twenty-five and I'll do twenty-five... that's how I've got fat... an' lazy... through not... keepin' at it!" He groaned and chugged on.

He had reached the drinking fountain for the eighth time when he collapsed, all in a heap, his chest heaving and panting, hardly able to get his breath.

It took all of five minutes for him to be able to breathe properly again, and then he just managed to crawl to the drinking fountain and put his mouth under the trickle of water that fell from the lips of a great stone lion's head.

"Arg! Glug! I'm dead!" he gasped, and fell back panting again.

After a little while he had enough strength back to reach out for his big striped scarf and wind it round his neck. Then he groaned in despair.

"Huckleberry Hound, you're just about the biggest failure I ever knew!" he cried. "You said you'd do twenty-five times round the park and you've done EIGHT! Now get right up off this grass and do the other - the other -"

He worked it out on his claws that he still had another seventeen rounds to do. He struggled to his feet...

"Ready... set... go," he said feebly. But it was no use. His legs just refused to run. Moreover, he was feeling cold.

He sat down again on the grass and reached for his pullover.

"I'll just have a little rest and get warm," he said. "BUT I'M NOT LEAVIN' HERE TILL I'VE DONE TWENTY-FIVE TIMES ROUND!"

That's the way to talk, he decided.

He was just starting to unwind his scarf so that he could put his pullover on when he heard a sound - faint, faraway, it might have been just a bird starting to wake up for the day.

But it wasn't. It sounded like "Help! Help!"

Huck listened hard.

It was "Help! Help!" And it came from somewhere far away above his head.

He dropped his pullover and stared upwards.

Just near at hand was a great tree, reaching up into the sky, and the cry seemed to be coming from there.

Huck put his paws round his mouth and shouted: "Is anybody there?"

A faint reply came back. "Yes! I'm stuck 'n' I can't get down! I'm Sammy Squirrel, an' Mr. Buzzard's watchin' me! I want my mother! Help!"





Sammy Squirrel! He was only a baby and was always getting into mischief and having to be rescued from some fix or other. But if old Mr. Buzzard was around, this was serious. Mr. Buzzard was always on the look-out for baby birds and squirrels, and he could pounce on them in an instant and carry them off.

"I'm comin'!" shouted Huck.

And suddenly his legs forgot they were too tired to move. He leapt to his feet and took one flying leap at the tree, managing to get a hold on a good branch that wasn't very high from the ground. Then he began to work his way upwards.

"Keep hollerin', Sammy!" he yelled. "Keep hollerin' for help then that ol' buzzard won't come near you! Go on, holler!"

So Sammy kept on shouting "Help, help!" while Huck climbed the tree.

Up and up he went, pulling himself from one branch to another. It was jolly hard work, and Huck had never been one for climbing trees. Moreover, he'd had no idea it was quite such a big tree.

THREE IN A ROW

A GAME FOR 2 PLAYERS

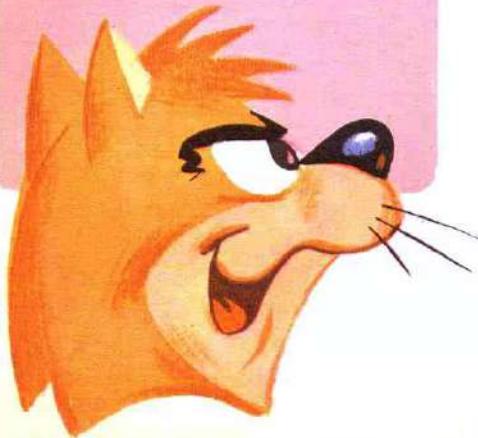
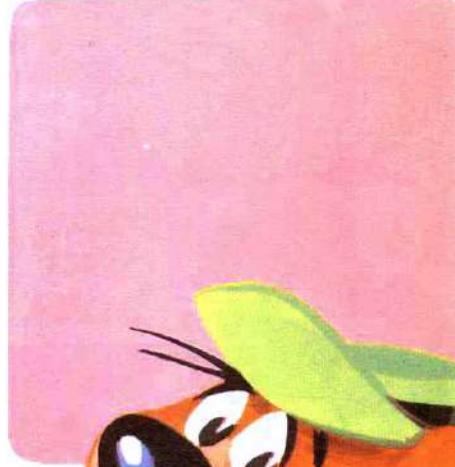
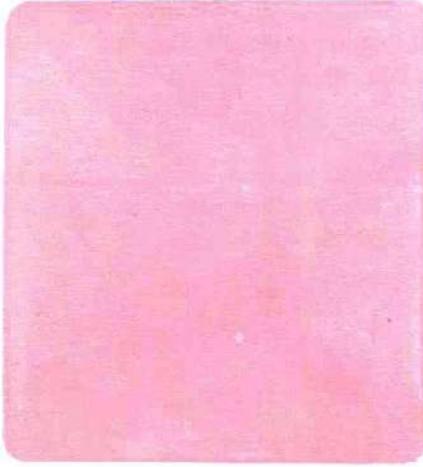
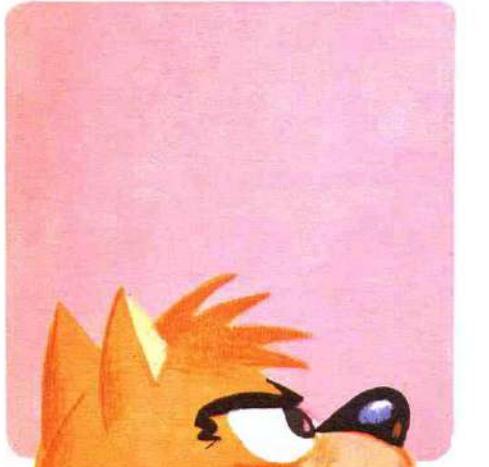
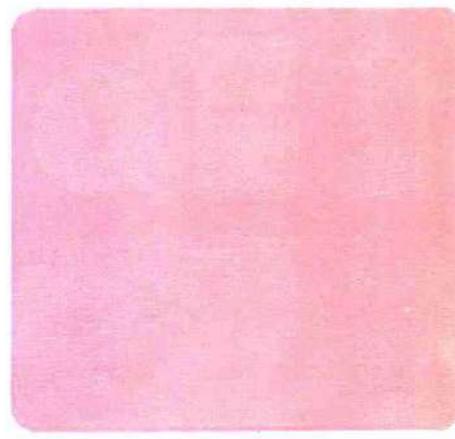
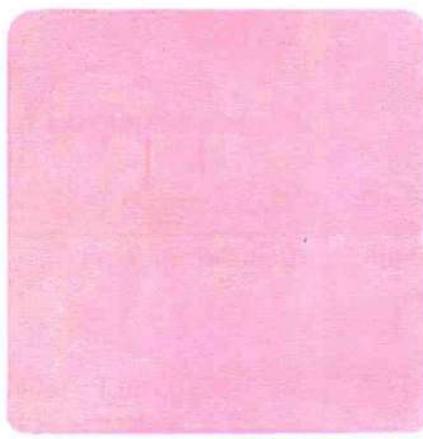
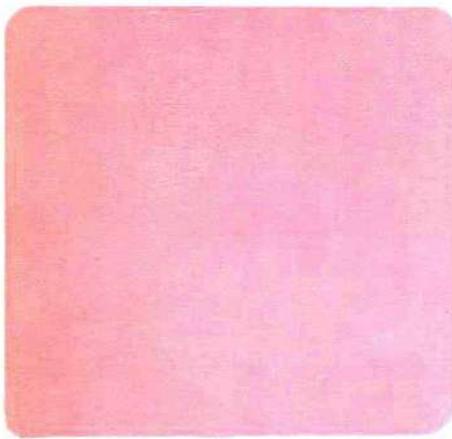
Each player takes five counters cut from the centre page.

OBJECT – To get three counters in a row horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Players take turns placing one counter at a time in one of the spaces.

THE WINNER – The player who is first to get three in a row. Sometimes neither player wins.



THREE IN A ROW



ROLL-UP

ANY NUMBER OF PLAYERS

Use the Roll-up chute from the centre page.

OBJECT - To score the most points by rolling a coin down the chute onto the squares. A halfpenny or a penny will do. Players should have six rolls to make one turn. The player whose turn it is selects a corner to roll from and he must stay in that corner until his six rolls are completed. Coins that roll off the board should not be rolled again in that turn. Instructions in certain squares must be obeyed.

THE WINNER - The first player to reach a set total such as 50 or 75 or even 100.

MISS
ONE
ROLL

2

SCORE
DOUBLE IF
YOUR COIN
LANDS HEADS

3

2

4

6

5

HAVE
ANOTHER
GO!

ONLY SCORE
1 IF IT
LANDS TAILS

3

5

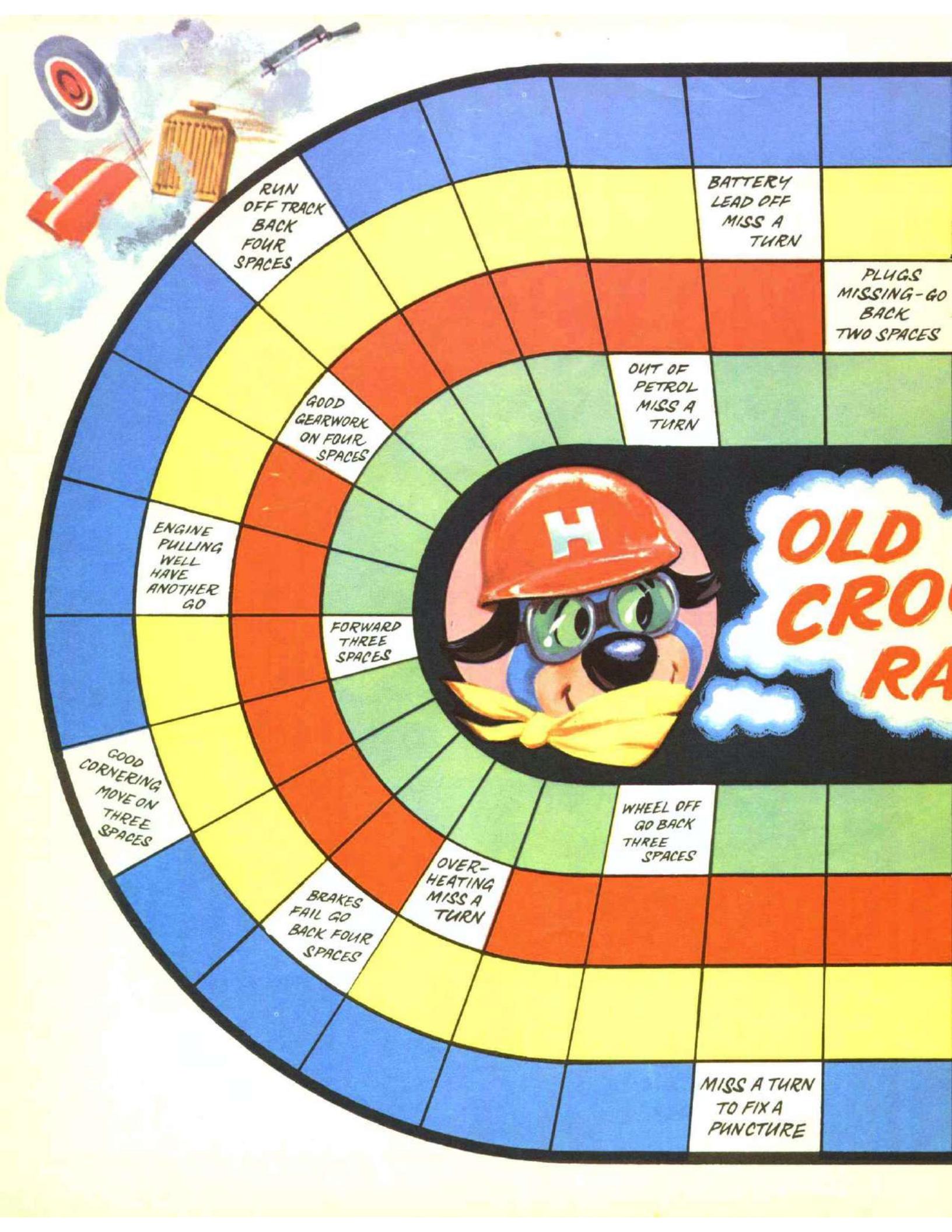
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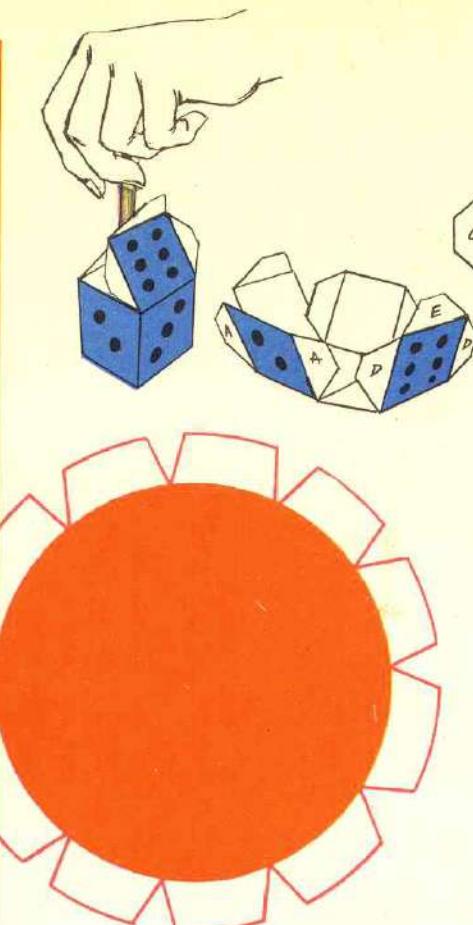
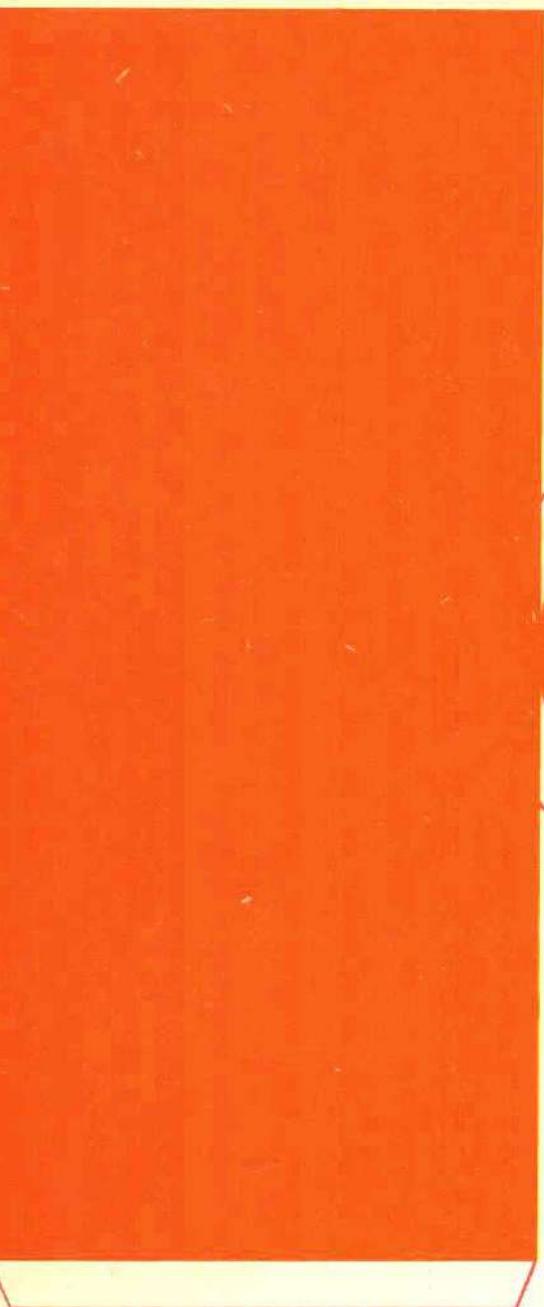
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1

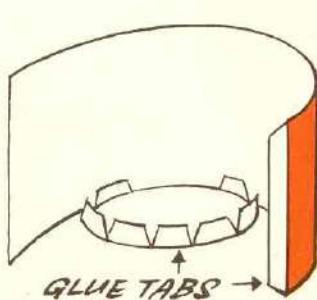
MISS
TWO
ROLLS





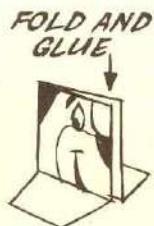
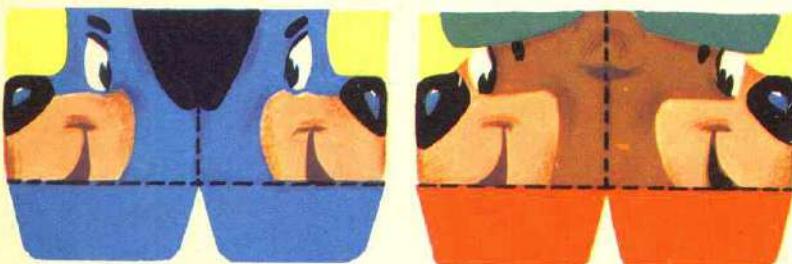
To make the dice

1. Lightly score dotted lines.
2. Cut out carefully.
3. Glue tabs (a) and (b) and make into an open box. Hold in position with a pencil until firmly stuck.
4. Fold inwards, glue tabs (c) (d) & (e) and close the box.

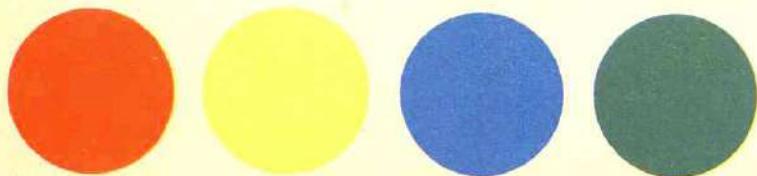


DICE SHAKER CUP

PIECES FOR 'ODDS & EVENS'



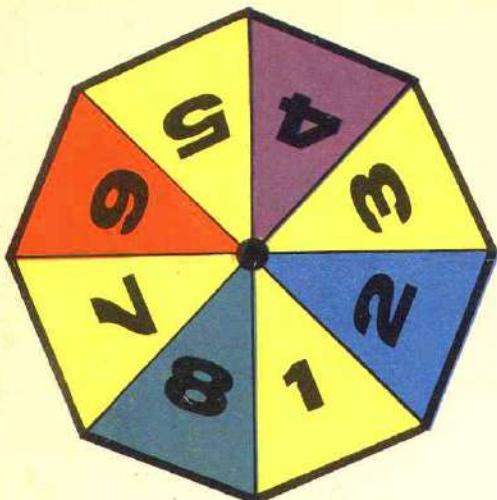
BLUE COUNTERS FOR 'THREE IN A ROW'



COUNTERS FOR 'YOGI'S CAVE'



COUNTERS FOR 'OLD CROCKS RACE'



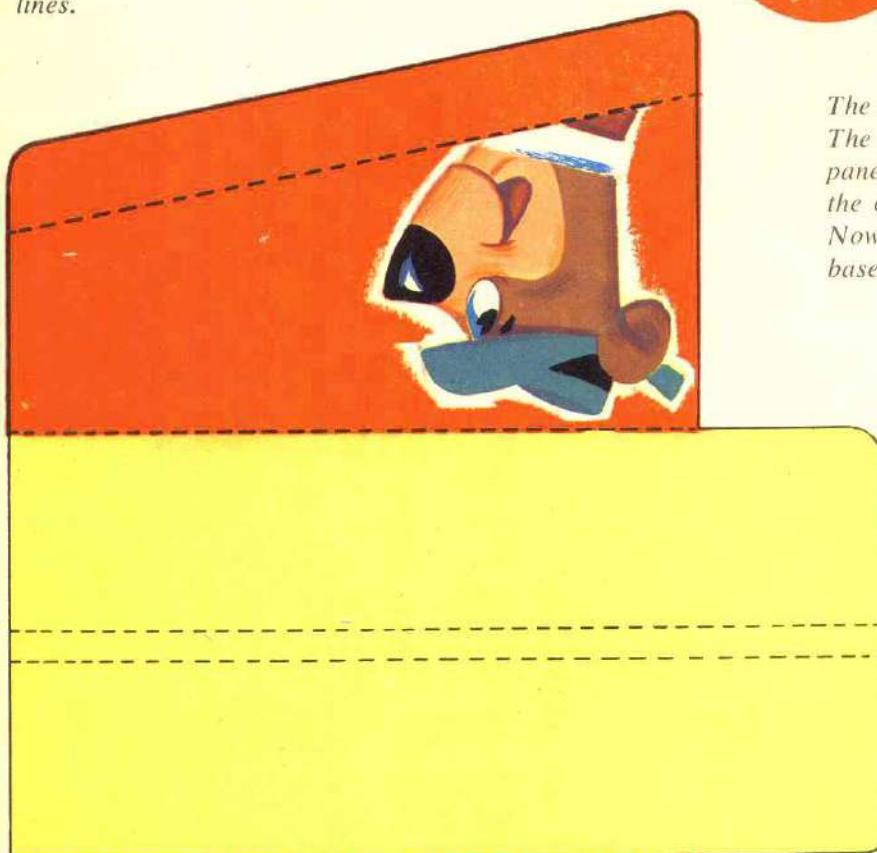
To make the spinner

1. Cut out the numbered shape and make a hole in the centre with a pin.
2. Push through a sharpened match or a cocktail stick.

Chute for Roll-up game

Cut out carefully and then score along dotted lines.

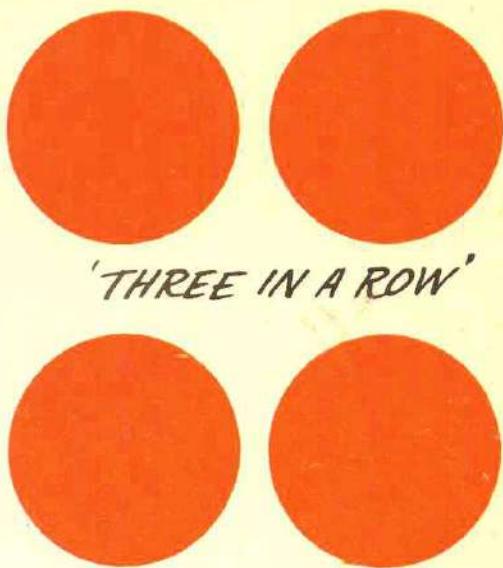
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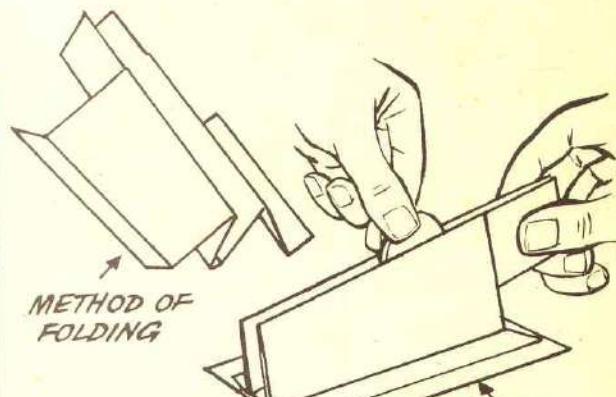
B



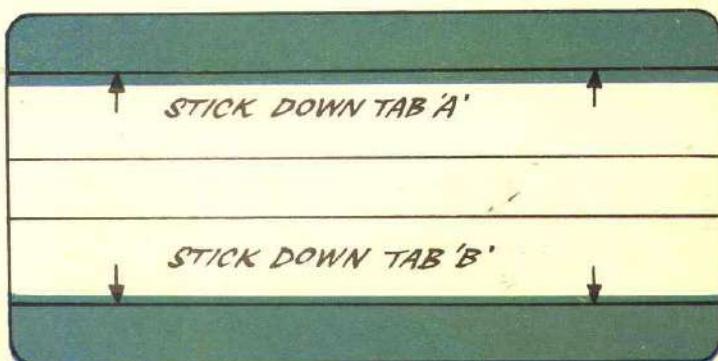
RED COUNTERS FOR

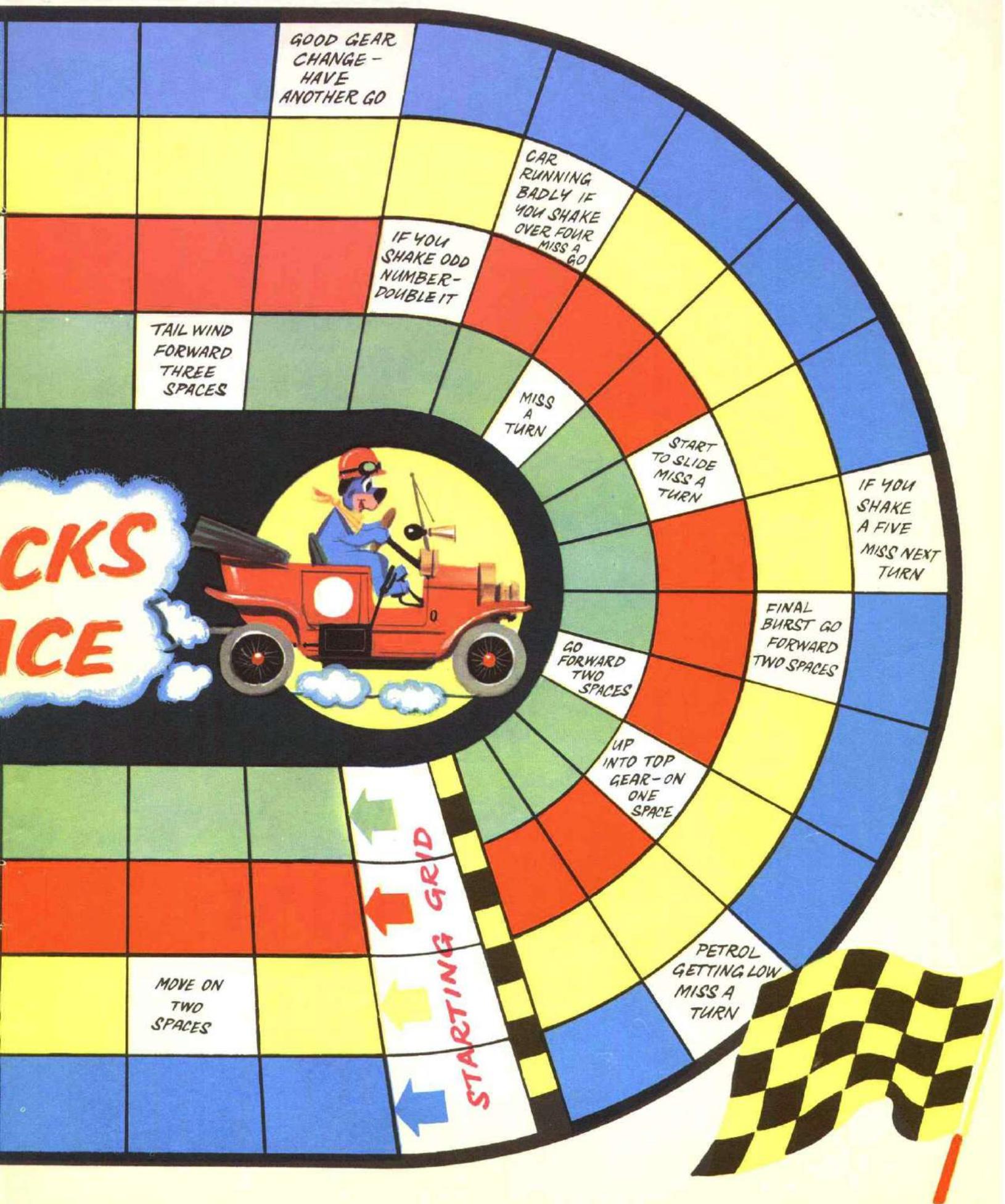


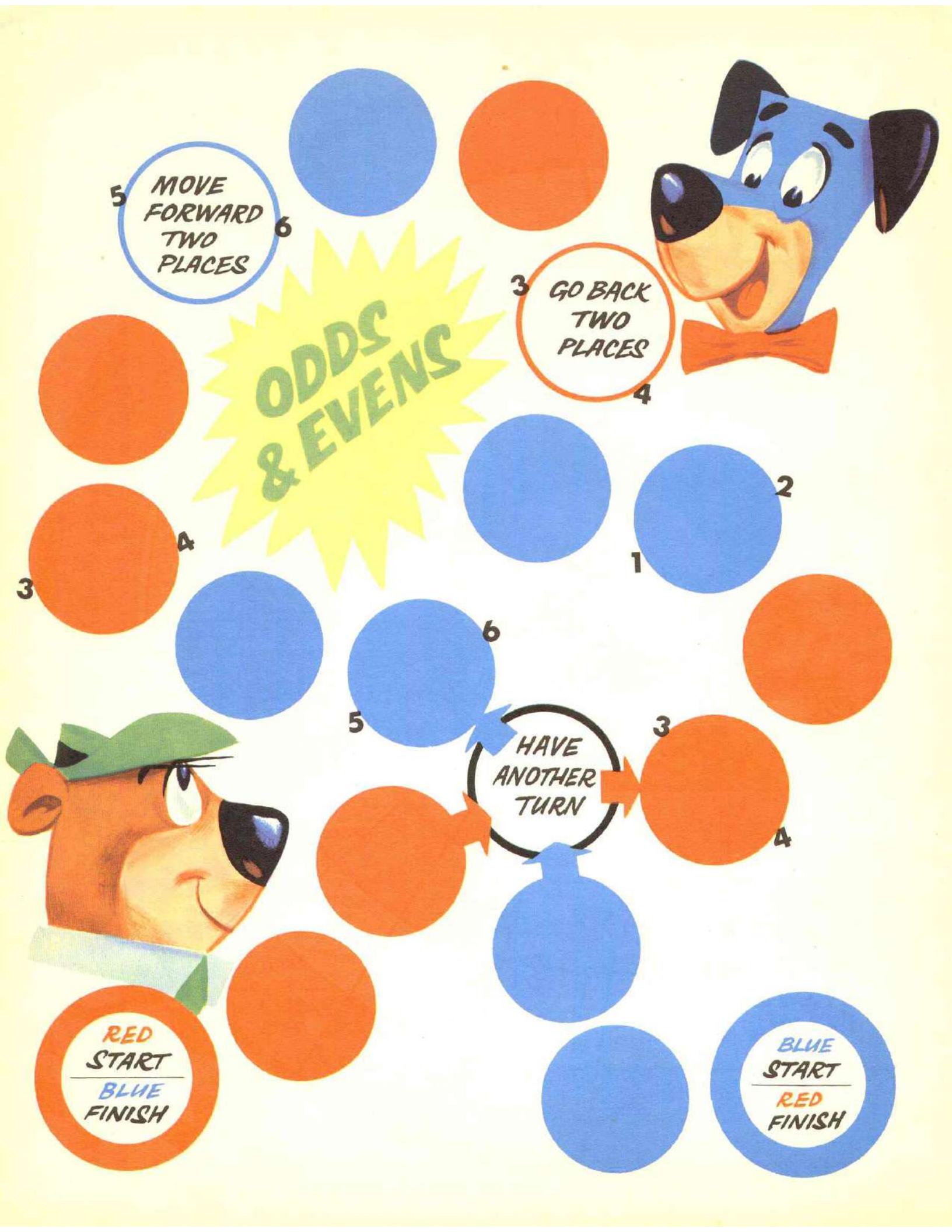
The tabs (a) & (b) should be folded upwards. The dotted line between the red and yellow panels folded down, and the two dotted lines in the centre of the yellow panel folded upwards. Now glue the undersides of tabs (a) & (b) to the base between the lines indicated.



BASE FOR CHUTE







ODDS AND EVENS

A GAME FOR 2 PLAYERS

Use the dice and the two counters cut from the centre page.

OBJECT – To move round from your own base to your finishing base – first one home the winner. Choose your colour – red or blue and choose your numbers – odd or even. The odd numbers starts. He rolls the dice and if 1, 3 or 5 appears he moves forward *one* place. If 2, 4 or 6 appears his opponent moves forward one place. Both players move in opposite directions round the board crossing at “Have another turn”. If you land on a blue or red circle with numbers on it, you cannot move on until your number is rolled on the dice. The MOVE FORWARD TWO PLACES instruction is only obeyed if a player lands on this place by throwing the number indicated. The GO BACK TWO PLACES circle only applies if a player throws one of the numbers shown when moving off the circle.

OLD CROCKS RACE

A GAME FOR 2, 3 OR 4 PLAYERS

Use the dice and counters from the centre page.

OBJECT – To move a car counter round the race track at least once depending on how many laps you decide to race. To start roll the dice, the highest score choosing lane and counter. Then roll again to see who leaves the starting grid first. The instructions on the white squares must be followed when a player lands on them. The exact number must be thrown to cross the finishing line.

YOGI'S CAVE

DOWN HILL
MOVE ON
4 SPACES

CROSS
OVER
THE
LOG

WARDEN

LOST
IN THE
WOOD GO
BACK 3
SPACES

STOP TO
ASK THE
WARDEN
THE WAY
MISS A
TURN

BOO BOO
SHOWS YOU
THE WAY
MOVE ON
3 SPACES

IF YOU CAME
THE LONG
WAY ROUND
MISS A
TURN

TAKE
SHORT-CUT
OVER THE
RIVER

JELLYSTONE PARK

GET FEET
WET—
MISS A
TURN

YOU ARE
LOST—
ROLL ODD
NUMBER
TO MOVE
ON

START

GO
BACK
5 SPACES

GO
FORWARD
4 SPACES

ROLL
EVEN
NUMBER
TO MOVE
ON

YOGI'S CAVE

A GAME FOR 2, 3 OR 4 PLAYERS

Use the dice and one counter for each player.

OBJECT - To be the first of Yogi's friends to arrive at his cave using counters cut from the centre page. Each player takes turns rolling the dice and moving the number of spaces indicated. When a player lands on a white square he must obey the instructions written there. When a player nears the end of the trail he must throw the correct number to get into the cave.

THE WINNER - The first to get to Yogi.

"It must be half a mile or more up into the sky," he muttered. And then shouted: "How far up are you, Sammy?"

"I'm right at the very top," wailed Sammy.

Huck groaned, and went on climbing.

It was full daylight now, and the sun was shining bright and warm. But inside the tree it was still dark.

It seemed ages before the dark got a little thinner and Huck knew he was getting to the top at last. A moment later he could see Sammy, the little squirrel, sitting on the very top branch, trembling.

"What'd you want to get all this way up for?" asked Huck crossly, pulling himself up beside Sammy.

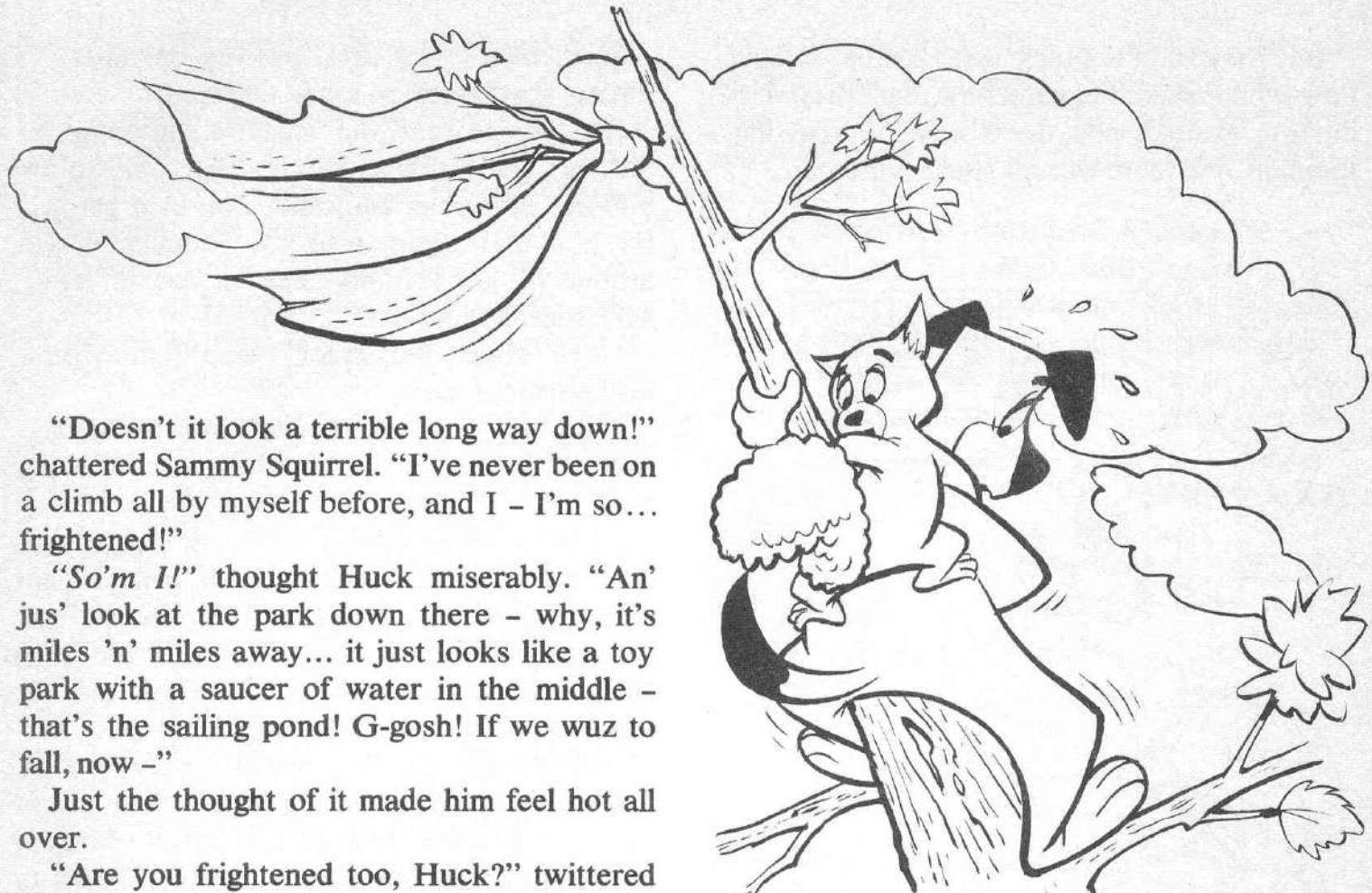
"I didn't know I'd come so high," wailed Sammy. "Not till I looked down and saw the ground, miles away. Just look down!"

And Huck looked down!

Down, down, down, nothing but dark, thick branches all growing outwards from a great, straight trunk, higher than a telegraph pole, higher than anywhere Huck had ever been in his life.

"Gee whiz!" he gasped. "G-gosh!"





"Doesn't it look a terrible long way down!" chattered Sammy Squirrel. "I've never been on a climb all by myself before, and I - I'm so... frightened!"

"So'm I!" thought Huck miserably. "An' jus' look at the park down there - why, it's miles 'n' miles away... it just looks like a toy park with a saucer of water in the middle - that's the sailing pond! G-gosh! If we wuz to fall, now -"

Just the thought of it made him feel hot all over.

"Are you frightened too, Huck?" twittered Sammy.

"NO, I'M NOT!" said Huck sternly. Even though he was, he couldn't let a little snippet of a baby squirrel know! "You'd better catch a-hold on my back - half a minute while I get my scarf off!" He unwound his scarf and hung it on the top branch of the tree. "Now then," he went on. "Catch a-hold!"

Sammy twined his paws into Huck's neck hair and leapt on to his back.

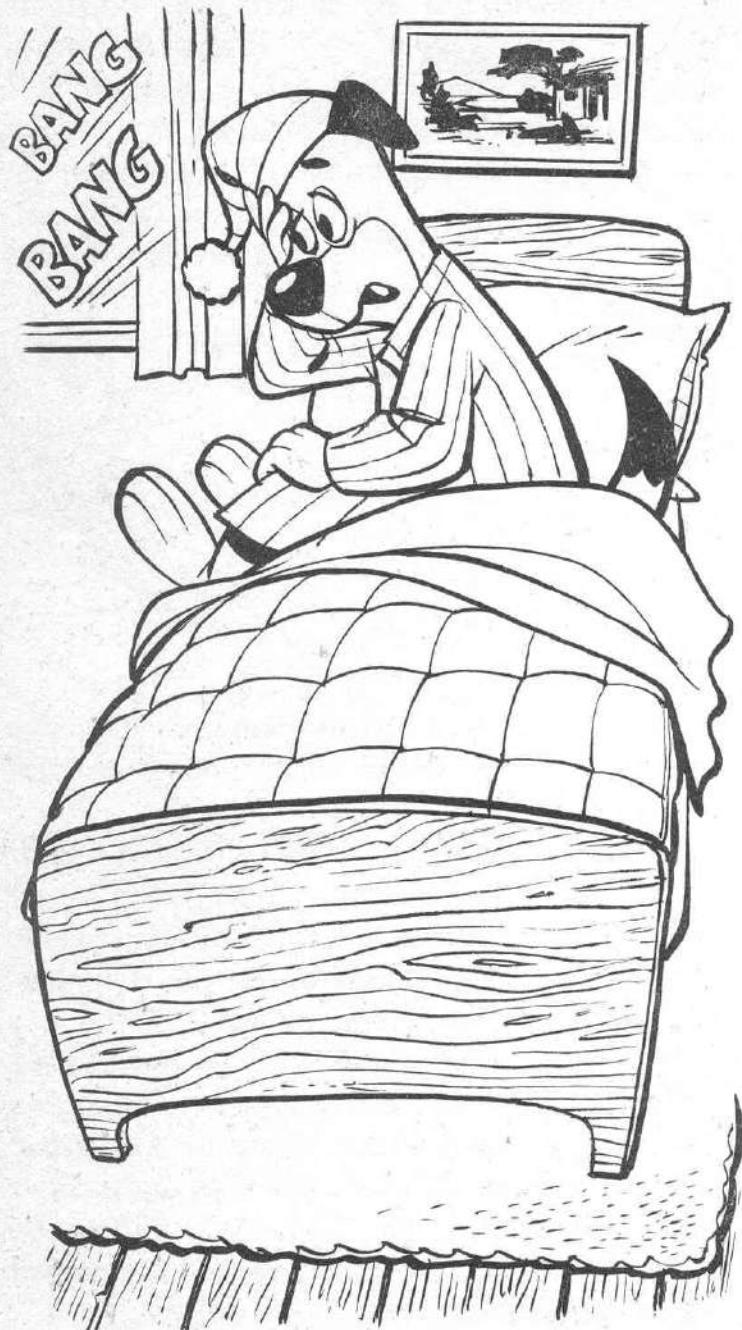
"Now we gonna start climbin' down," said Huck, and hoped his voice wasn't quaking as much as he thought it was. "An' you keep on hollerin' for help - that'll keep ol' buzzard away from us!" he added hastily.

"Help! Help!" screamed Sammy. "Oh, you are brave, Huck! Help! Help! Oops - be careful, Huck, you nearly slipped then!"

"I think maybe you'd better not holler, after all," said Huck. "I think maybe you'd better keep quiet so's I can concentrate. Tain't easy, climbin' down a great big tree like this! Climbin' down's a lot harder'n climbin' up!"

Inch by inch he edged his way downwards. Several times his foot slipped because he daren't look down to see where he was going. He was aching all over, and Sammy's claws were digging into his skin. Any minute he expected a branch to give way and the pair of them to go hurtling down to the ground.

But they didn't! Huck just couldn't believe how it happened, but somehow there they were on firm ground, and there was the drinking fountain, and there was his warm pullover...



"Oh, blow!" he said, peering upwards. "I left my scarf stuck on top o' that tree!"

Scarf or no scarf, he wasn't going up again! No, sir! He turned to Sammy and said: "Now you cut off home, and don't you ever get in a fix like that again, else sure enough if I'm around I'll jus' turn my back on you an' let ol' Mr. Buzzard get you!"

"Yes, Huck. No, Huck," said Sammy, and off he scampered.

And off tottered Huck, weary, aching, scratched all over, and his best scarf lost for ever.

"That's what comes of tryin' to get in trainin'," he said wearily. "Well, I'm jus' not even goin' to try any more! I'll let myself get fat 'n' lazy, an' I don't care what the gang thinks! Right now I'm goin' to get me the biggest breakfast I've ever had!"

And he did just that. He started off with a big bowl of sugar puffs and he went round everything there was in the larder. Finally, he crawled upstairs with a bag of biscuits in one paw and collapsed on the bed.

He slept and slept and slept. He dreamt that all the gang came round and started hammering on his door and shouting: "Lazy Huckleberry Hound! Lazy Huck! It was no thanks to him that we won 'cos he didn't do a single thing to help us!"

"Huckleberry Hound! Huckleberry Hound!" The shouting was so loud it didn't seem like a dream. Neither did the hammering on the door. Why, the whole house was shaking...

Huck sat up in bed. There was an awful commotion going on. Somebody really was hammering at the door, and voices really were

shouting "Huckleberry Hound! Huckleberry Hound!"

He groaned. "Oh, what now?"

He crawled out of bed and went downstairs, so stiff he could hardly move. He pulled open the front door and gasped.

The front garden was full of folks. There was the Mayor of Houndsville and Mr. Jinks; Mr. Bloggs the butcher in his striped apron, and Boo-Boo. The Chief of the Fire Brigade was there, wearing his helmet, and so was Yogi Bear. And right at the front were Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and Sammy, and between them they were holding - Huck's woollen scarf!

"Hey! What's all this?" gasped Huck.

"We come to thank you," announced Mr. Squirrel. "For savin' young Sammy's life!"

"Sammy told us all about it," said Mrs. Squirrel. "How ol' Mr. Buzzard was gettin' ready to snatch him, an' how frightened he was till you came along and rescued him!"

"B-but it was nothin'!" gasped Huck.

"Oh, yes, it was!" Yogi Bear had pushed up to the front now. "Do you know that's the biggest tree in the park, an' - an' *dangerous*?"

Huck shivered. "How - how dangerous?" he asked.



The Mayor said: "The trunk was cracked by lightning last month, and we'd already planned to cut it down. An' when we heard you'd left your scarf up there, we went along to have a look -"

"An' there was your scarf right on the very top branch, jus' like a flag!" said Yogi.

"So we felt we owed it to you to get your scarf back, but nobody dared climb that tree," said the Mayor.

"Not even us, an' we climb trees all day long," added Mr. Squirrel.

"In the end we got the Fire Brigade to come along."

"We used the turntable ladder," said the Fire Chief.

"An' here's your scarf," said Mrs. Squirrel.

Huck took his scarf and blinked. "Well, well - er - thanks, folks," he said.

"Oh, that ain't all," said the Mayor. He stepped forward and cleared his throat.

"Huckleberry Hound, we decided to present you with the Houndsville Special Medal for Bravery," he announced. He fished in his pocket and brought out a medal.

It was a beautiful medal, made of brass and shiny like gold, shaped like a shield, with the words: "For Special Bravery" painted in white all round the edge, and a picture of two crossed swords in the middle. It was threaded on to a beautiful purple ribbon.

There was an awed silence while the Mayor hung the medal around Huck's neck. Then he said:

"Huckleberry Hound, I'd like to shake you by the paw! Houndsville is proud of you!" He seized Huck's paw and began to shake it very hard.

Then the Mayor stepped aside, and everybody rushed up to Huck and started shaking his paw. Yogi Bear thumped him hard on the back as well as nearly dragging his paw off. Mrs. Squirrel kissed him, and wept. "You saved my baby's life!" she sniffed. She poked Mr. Squirrel in the side with her elbow.

"Oh - er - yes," said Mr. Squirrel. "We brought you a little present, Huck." From behind his back he brought a little bagful of nuts. "We want you to have this," he said.

Then the Mayor held up his hand for silence, and spoke again.

"I got another announcement to make. On Saturday night, in the Drill Hall, we will hold a celebration in honour of Huckleberry Hound,



and all of Houndsville is invited to come along!" He turned to the Fire Chief and whispered to him: "We can let off them fireworks we have left, and use up all the bottles of soda fizz that's in the cellar."

The Fire Chief nodded.

Then everybody had a long round of cheering and went off, all except Huck's own special gang - Yogi Bear, Boo-Boo, Mr. Jinks, and Pixie and Dixie.

"Gee whiz, Huck," said Yogi. "I don't know how you had the nerve to climb that great big cracked ol' tree!"

"Gee whiz, Huck, neither do I," said Boo-Boo.

"Gee whiz, Huck, neither do I," said Mr. Jinks and the two little mice.

"*Gee whiz, Huck, neither do I!*" thought Huck to himself.



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FOR DRAUGHTS
OR CHESS**

